

# The Bloomfield Record.

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KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, BUT TRUTH IS THE FOUNDATION OF KNOWLEDGE.

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## The Bloomfield Record.

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1 inch	50	75	1.25	3.50	6.50	12.00
2	85	1.25	2.25	5.00	8.00	15.00
3	1.15	1.75	2.75	6.75	10.00	18.00
4	1.35	2.00	3.25	8.00	12.00	22.00
5	1.55	2.25	3.75	9.00	13.00	25.00
6	1.75	2.50	4.25	10.00	14.00	28.00
7	1.95	2.75	4.75	11.00	15.00	30.00
8	2.15	3.00	5.25	12.00	16.00	32.00
9	2.35	3.25	5.75	13.00	17.00	34.00
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## A Star Behind the Cloud.

No matter how dark the night;  
No matter how black the clouds may be;  
Up in the shrouded sky,  
Hidden from watching eyes,  
Glitters a star for me.  
Silvery bright and clear,  
Out in the fields of fadeless blue,  
Headless of cloud and rain,  
Far from death and pain,  
Golden stars in their silent sphere  
Twinkle and burn for you.  
Summer and winter the same;  
No matter what storm clouds surge and roll  
Like waves on the frenzied sea;  
In heaven's bright gallery  
Twinkle and glow, with a quenchless flame,  
These types of the soul!

No matter how dark thy life;  
No matter how gloomy thy watch may be;  
Mid sorrow, and pain, and care,  
Still watching those ever-ready  
Back of the curtain of earthly strife  
Twinkles a star for thee!

## THE "ASTOR HOUSE."

A Description of an Institution in New York in which the Newsboys are Cared for.

Did you ever see a newsboy? He is a queer looking little fellow. His cap hasn't any front, and it is pulled down so as to hide his hair, which is all tangled up so that you could almost make a bird's nest of it. He has no shirt, but his ragged coat is buttoned up tightly to his neck, and his trousers seem likely to fall off, if they are not soon sewn together. He has no shoes, and his toes look half frozen in bitter weather. But he doesn't care; he is the most light hearted youngster you ever saw. Suppose we consider ourselves strangers in the city, and speak to him.

"Where do you live, my boy?"

"Don't live nowhere, sir."

"Well, where do you sleep?"

"Oh, sometimes I sleep in the hay barge there by Harrison street, and sometimes we get 'round the steam grates there by Ann street, and when the police drive us off, we find a box or sand. Oh, mister, there ain't nothing like a box of sand, 'cause you can kind of 'suggle in and get warm all 'round; but on course, the best is the Astor House, when you ain't stuck!"

"The Astor House! What's that?"

"Why, don't you know that, sir?"

"That big lodge there, which the kind gentlemen have opened for us, hum?"

"But, my boy, haven't you a father or mother?"

"No, sir (the bright face looking a little more serious). "You see, my mother was sent up (to prison), and I never seed her sence; and my father—he licked me with a strap, and told me to clear out; and I don't know where he is—I heard he was dead. But may be, sir, you'd like to see the lodge, and I'll show you my bunk (with an important air). I've got fifty-nine cents saved; and I tell you, there's a nice—what do you call it, Jim?—something there. I can whirl to the ceiling, and go all 'round the room on the bars!"

We follow our little guide to a large door in Duane street, near Chambers street, on the south side of a huge seven-story building, with a sign—"NEWBORN'S LODGING HOUSE." We ascend a fireproof stairway.

"I see you can get out if there is a fire here, sir, we wouldn't be many seconds 'scootin' down it, or I won't be in to supper."

We enter a large, handsome audience room, with school desks and a piano; well lighted and cheerful, and windowed on three sides, and no "institutional" smell, though a hundred or more ragged little fellows, with washed faces and combed hair, are waiting about before going down to supper. The notices on the walls are worth reading:

"Boys with Homes not Admitted Here."

"Boys Wanting Homes in the Country must Apply to the Superintendent."

"Boys can have their Underclothes Washed, Free of Charge, on Thursdays."

At the door sits an elderly clerk behind a railing, with keys hanging around him. Our little newsboy falls into a line of boys, till his turn comes.

"Three tickets, sir—lodgin', breakfast and supper. There's eighteen, sir, and twenty-five I owed you when I was stuck"—i. e., when he could not sell his papers.

"But, Johnnie, where were you last night?"

"You see, sir, I was at the Bowery, and I got to the door just one minute after twelve; and so, on course, I had to turn in under the steps down at Beekman street."

"Ah, there's where your money goes! You'll never get enough money to buy that coat and go out West. There's your key, but get your hair cut and go to the bath before you go to supper."

Johnnie disappears in the ample bath-rooms. We watch his operations. He has warm footbaths, wherein he plunges his dirty feet, but ingenious spikes on the edges prevent his sitting too long in them; washbasins and towels are in

abundance, and bath-rooms with hot and cold water. For his hair, a large boy takes him in hand, and soon shaves him close, rubbing his head with larkspur, for which operation Johnny reluctantly pays his three cents.

Now he rushes out, a clean and decent looking boy, so far as his skin.

"Is that clean shirt ready?"

His wet, ragged coat is put in the drying-room, and his valises are hid away in the locker, for which he has a key, and he puts on a clean, comfortable shirt, and soon enters the supper-room, delivering his ticket for payment at the door, and is deep in his stew and bowl of tea. Several boys are hanging about in the supper-room, looking rather hungry.

"Why don't you get your supper, boys?"

"Haven't got no stamps, sir; we're stuck."

The superintendent, a kind, firm looking man, Mr. O'Connor, comes forward and speaks to each:

"Jack, you know where your stamps went—it was to the Bowery (theater); and Pat, I told you to let those policy (tottery) tickets alone; and you, Dan, why did you eat all your money up yesterday in that big dinner? As for you (to a quiet, depressed looking lad), I believe you were unlucky; you shall have 'credit,' so go down!"

We pay the tickets of the others, and they all rejoice in their mutton stew and overflowing bowls of tea.

After supper, they all fly up stairs to the gymnasium, and there is a kind of athletic pandemonium for a while. Boys in the air, boys jumping, boys climbing, and tumbling—the large room resounding with the laughter and shouts.

"You see," says Mr. O'Connor, "this is our opposition to the low theaters and grogshops."

Precisely at half-past seven all descend to the school-room. We look in at the dormitories: some ninety feet long, with double iron bedsteads; the beds of straw, and very comfortable; warm comforters and clean sheets over each.

"That's my bed," Johnny points; "number six! There's where a feller sleeps, I tell you!"

"But don't you ever fall out, or have a lark with another boy?"

"No, sir! Griffith would catch us; besides, we has to be culled at five o'clock, and we sleeps like tops!"

There is no smell about the rooms. Everything is clean and pure as possible. We go below to the audience-room.

"This is my bank, sir—number thirty-one," pointing with pride to a mysterious table near the door, with slits in the top, and each slit numbered. "Fifty-nine cents; but it's slow work. Oh, I shan't be, sir—that makes just a dollar. Two more, and I'll have a Sunday-go-to-meetin' coat and a 'biled shirt'!"

The teacher has already begun his evening work, by reading some letters from boys who had made fortunes in the West, and were writing back to their old friends.

"Go West, young man!" whispers our guide, and he seats himself demurely among the scholars. Now they sing in excellent accord the sweet hymn:

"If there's love at home." Perhaps here and there a shadow falls across the young faces, as they think of how little "love at home," or anywhere else, they have known; but they all are soon lively and indifferent as ever—as ready for chaffing or being chaffed.

Each boy goes to the lessons as vigorously as he usually works at selling his papers. At the close, a few earnest words are said by the teacher, of "Him who sticketh closer than a brother;" who would befriended them though all others deserted, and who feels for all human creatures; and the more, the poorer and the more unhappy they are.

A dirty hand, here and there, slyly wipes away a tear from some begrimed face, at the thought of anybody's caring for them; and perhaps the dream of that "Happy Land" which they sung about crosses some child's mind, and he fancies a mother whom he has never known on earth meeting him there, and a father who never got drunk, or cursed or beat him, at last welcoming him, and a place where hunger or desertion or homelessness are unknown; but before he can think much about it, school is over, and the boy next to him hits him a lick with his ruler, and under a general scrimmage, the stern words "Order!" and the meeting and our visit.

—St. Nicholas.

## Satisfied.

A number of years ago a Sir William Meadows, of the British service in India, had been detected in selling post-trademarks, or something of that kind, and accordingly discharged a pistol at his own head. The ball grazed his forehead, and friends who heard the report rushed in and found him bathing his head with cold water, and he said, in reply to inquiries, that he had had an affair of honor with himself, and having stood the shot he declared himself satisfied.

A NEW REMEDY.—The Two Republics, published in the city of Mexico, reports that Mrs. A. De Bas, a sister of mercy, has discovered the medicinal properties of an herb, by the use of which she has cured one hundred and one cases of typhoid fever out of one hundred and two cases that she has visited.

## THE NEW FOUNDLAND DOGS.

A Sad Story, but One showing the Great Sagacity of these Animals.

About an hour before dawn on January 24 a father and three sons, named Partridge, set out on a wood chopping expedition from the town of Placentia, Newfoundland, which lies west of St. John's.

Such expeditions are made with Esquimaux dogs, which are securely harnessed to rude sleds called "calamars," on account of their resemblance to the rafts which the South sea islanders use and call by that name.

When the men left their cabin the weather was less frosty than it had been for several days before, and in every way it seemed favorable for the wood cutters; but before eight o'clock a terrible snow storm was raging throughout Placentia bay, and soon great banks of snow did indeed block the road in many directions. In such circumstances there is extreme anxiety in the homes of persons who are absent cutting wood in the forests, as the gloomy records of many a winter tell of skeletons found beneath the snow in springtime—of men who had left their cabins in fair weather several months before, and were overtaken by great snow storms.

When Monday evening came and the woodmen did not return, the wife and mother of the absent men grew very solicitous for the safety of their relatives. They should have been at home—no matter how bad the roads or heavy their loads—at six or seven o'clock Monday evening, had nothing happened. But the wild snow was still sweeping over the bay, and there was every reason to fear that the worst had befallen.

About dawn the next morning Mrs. Partridge and her daughter were aroused by the howling of dogs, who pawed the threshold and pounced upon the door in a most impatient manner. Mrs. Partridge at once rejoiced, believing that her husband and sons had arrived. When the door was opened the dogs would not enter, however, but continued to whine and paw the ground impatiently. The old woman then went to the woodyard to see her husband and boys; but the only thing given was the piteous whining and pawing of the dogs. After a while Mrs. Partridge and the daughter gathered around the door, and most of them knew too well the sorrowing story that the poor beasts were telling. The dogs were implacable; neither food nor caresses could quiet them. One old fisherman said he would test the animals by moving in the direction of the woods. He had no sooner called them and started in that direction than they bounded past him and led the way, looking back every few paces to make sure that he was following. Four young fishermen then volunteered to follow the dogs, and were led to the part of the woods where the men lay buried in the snow.

Prodigious banks of snow piled on the regular road made the way to the fatal spot circuitous and difficult. On the side of one mountain of drifted snow four dogs were found yelping dismally and digging the snow with their paws. The volunteers went to work, and after about two hours' search with snow shovels recovered the bodies of all the men, but too late to resuscitate them.

This remarkable instance of sagacity and fidelity in the trained draught dogs of Newfoundland is not without precedent. About four years ago a young man left Heart's content with one dog and a calamar for the woods. It was a windy day, and the man was killed by the falling of a tree which he had been chopping. The dog being unharnessed, as all draught dogs are on reaching the woods, came home alone at night, refused food, and gave the usual dismal warnings, such as yelping and pawing the ground. This animal also led the corpse to the spot where his master's way lay resting.

## Back Pay.

Some years ago a certain Detroit settler, a debt, by giving his note of hand. The holder tried for two years to collect it, and then filed it away. The other day he had an opportunity to work it off on an innocent party, and shortly after so doing he encountered the maker of the note, and said:

"Now you'll have to come to time! I've sold that note of yours!"

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, I have; got it off on a man for seven dollars."

"See here, Tom," said the debtor, in a pleading voice, "if you got seven dollars for that forty dollar note against me, and you never give me at least two dollars, I'll never do another favor for you in my life!"

## Their Separation.

A reverend gentleman horrified a small party a few evenings ago, by telling them that he and his wife had separated.

"Not parted!" inquiringly exclaimed three or four in a breath.

"Yes," said the gentleman, with a sigh; "we had some words and parted."

A shudder went round the room, when some one inquired: "For good?"

"Oh, no!" said the divine. "She has only gone to the country, and will be back in a day or two."

"But," said one of the bolder ones, after awhile, "did you really have any words with her?"

"Oh, yes!" She said, "Good-bye, dear," and so did I."

## A Shattered Mind.

When I was a young man, before I left my native town, says Mr. Moody, the evangelist, in one of his sermons, I was at work in the field one day in company with a man, a neighbor of mine. All at once I saw him begin to weep. I asked him what the trouble was. He then told me a strange story—strange to me then, for I was not at that time a Christian. He said that his mother was a Christian when he left home to seek his fortune. When he was about starting his mother took him by the hand and spoke these parting words: "My son, seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things else shall be added upon thee." "This," said he, "was my mother's favorite text." When he got into the town to which he was going he had to spend the Sabbath there. He went to church, and the minister took this very text—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

He thought it very strange. Well, he said he would not seek the kingdom then, he would wait until he got a start in life—until he got a farm and some money. Yet that text troubled him. Again he went to church, and to his amazement the sermon was on that very same text. He did not attend church for some time. At last he was induced again to enter the church, and behold! he heard the preacher take that very same text. He thought that it was God speaking to him; that his mother's prayers were being answered. But he scolded, and deliberately made up his mind that he would not be a Christian. "I have never heard any sermon that has made any impression on me since." I was not a Christian myself, so I didn't know how to talk to him. The time came for me to leave home. I went to Boston, and there I became a convert. When I got to be a Christian the first thing that came into my mind was that man. I made up my mind to try to bring him to Christ. When I came home I mentioned the name to my mother and asked if he was living. "Is he living?" she exclaimed; "didn't I write to you about him?" "Write me what?" "Why that he had gone out of his mind and is now in the insane asylum." When I got up there he pointed his finger at me; says he: "Young man, 'seek ye first the kingdom of God.'" He had never forgotten the text. Although his mind was shattered and gone, the text was there.

My friends, do let that man speak to you. He is gone now. How much better it would have been for him to have followed his mother's prayer. The Spirit of God was staying with some one today. I may be standing here for the last time. Let me plead with you once more to seek the kingdom of God, and seek it with all your hearts.

## The Black Hills.

The Indians are not sleeping, says a letter from the Black Hills region. Sitting Bull, Red Cloud and Spotted Tail are known to be gathering their forces and securing all the weapons and ammunition that they can obtain, and a war early in the spring seems inevitable. Between 6,000 and 10,000 white men, the majority of them well armed, are in the hills and ready to meet the Indians, but the Sioux do not intend to openly attack the miners. The miners were warned when four miners from Carson City, Nevada, were recently murdered and robbed by the Indians on the road to Fort Laramie. Cattle and ponies were being stampeded and gathered into the camps of the Indians. The miners expect to overcome these annoyances when the ten companies of cavalry and two companies of infantry, under Generals Crooke and Reynolds, arrive in the hills from Fort Fetterman.

As to whether there is a large quantity of gold in the Black Hills it is exceedingly doubtful. Some have been found, or it is pretended. There is very little prospecting at this time, the miners being engaged in erecting cabins and getting things in readiness for the search. Chinese laundrymen have arrived and have swung out their signs. Lunch boxes and whisky shops are in abundance, and the hills are alive with people. Many of those who were early on the ground are in a sad state of destitution, and squads are being sent for Laramie for food. A hardy old miner who had just returned from the hills was asked whether there was any gold there, and this was his reply: "If there's any gold in the Black Hills it is so deep in the bowels of the earth that the men there will never find it. In my opinion, all the gold that will be taken from the hills will be in the pockets of the storekeepers, who have swooped down on the place like a lot of vultures. This is a magnificent harvest for the hotel keepers and merchants in Cheyenne and Laramie; and they keep up the excitement." Nearly all who have returned from the hills seem satisfied that they have wasted time and money.

Great Guns.—The large gun from Krupp's manufactory, in Berlin, required two eight-wheeled trucks to convey it from the factory to the vessel. It is a steaming breech-loader, and weighs 110,000 pounds. The carriage and other appurtenances required a twelve-wheeled and a six-wheeled truck to transport them.

A city man, drummer for a printing house, called at a candidate on one of the Bible class on Sunday, and began boasting him for his election printing.

## CENTENNIAL OPENING PROGRAMME.

List of Specially Invited Guests—The Ceremonies.

The general plan of the exercises at the opening of the Centennial exhibition on May 10 has been agreed upon by the executive committee. The specially invited guests will be nearly as follows:

The President and Vice-President.

The Cabinet.

The Supreme Court.

The Senate and the House of Representatives.

The leading officers of the army and navy.

The governors of the States and Territories and their staffs.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania.

The board of State supervisors.

The foreign commissioners.

The Centennial commissioners and the chief subordinates.

The Centennial board of finance.

The government board of finance.

The women's Centennial executive committee.

The judges of the exhibition.

The Centennial board.

The city officials of Philadelphia.

This list is subject to revision. As the exercises are to be held in the open air it will be possible for a greater multitude to witness them. About half-past ten a. m.—the persons invited, having been conducted to their places—the orchestra of 150, conducted by Theodore Thomas, will play the national airs of all nations. The President of the United States will be conducted to the ground by Governor Hartranft with a military escort. The following programme will then be carried out:

"The Grand March."—Written for the occasion by Richard Wagner.

"Invocation of the Divine Blessing."—Original hymn, by J. W. Whittier.

Original cantata.—Words by Sydney Lanier, of Georgia; music by Dudley Buck, of Connecticut.

Brief presentation of the president of the Centennial commission, reporting the exhibition to the President of the United States.

An address by the President of the United States, which he will close by declaring the exhibition open. Immediately the flag will be unfurled, the artillery will fire a salute, the chiming of the tower and other great bells on the ground will ring and the choros of six hundred will render Handel's "Hallelujah." The foreign commissioners will move to their respective assignments in the main building. The President of the United States, escorted by the commission and board of finance and the invited guests, will enter the north doors of the main building and move, accompanied by the music of the great organs, along the great avenue in such manner as to pass by each national commission. The procession will then cross to machinery hall and walk down the main avenue to the center. Then, at a signal from the President of the United States, the enormous engine and its thirteen acres of machinery will be put in motion, and the exhibition will be open to the world.

## In a Historical Way.

The collection to be made by Massachusetts for the historical department of the Centennial exhibition will illustrate the general idea to be carried out. It is as follows:

First epoch.—The landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. Pilgrim Hall and the institute at Plymouth have a collection of everything illustrative of that period, articles from which will be loaned to the historical department.

Second epoch.—The settlement of the Puritans at Salem. The Essex institute is prepared to contribute a complete collection of articles illustrative of the history of Salem, such as Roger Williams' chapel, portraits, household effects, etc.

Third epoch.—The witchcraft delusion. From the same institute a curious exhibit will be made of the original writs and warrants of arrest and execution, instruments of torture and modes of punishing the witches, etc.

Fourth epoch.—The establishment of the press. Copies of the first newspaper printed at Cambridge, earliest edition of "Eliot's Indian Bible," political pamphlets, etc.

Fifth epoch.—Institutions of learning. History of the foundation of Harvard College, portraits of its founders, benefactors, etc.

Sixth epoch.—Preliminary events leading to the Revolution. Mr. Mellin Chamberlain, of Boston, will loan his valuable private collection for the exhibiting of this period. Paul Revere's original sketches of the stirring events leading to the great struggle will be among the objects exhibited. Ben Fery Lee's Indian Hill collection will also be called upon.

Short, comprehensive, descriptive articles should accompany the collection of each State for the purpose of explaining the historical events to be illustrated.</